

AULD ROBIN GRAY'S

24

G A R L A N D.

Furnished with four comical

NEW SONGS.

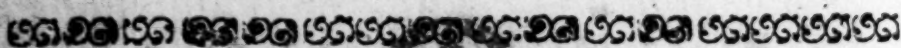
- I. Auld Robin Gray.
- II. Moderation and Alteration.
- III. Nobody.
- IV. Golden days of Good Queen Bess.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



Auld Robin Gray's GARLAND.



WHEN the sheep's in the fold, and the ky a' at
hame,

And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes of my heart flows in showers fra my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me weel and ask'd me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naithing else beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been gane a year and a day,

When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was stole away
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither cou'd na work, my mither cou'd na spin
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win;
Auld Rob'n maintain'd em baith, and with tears in his e'e,
Said janny, for their sakes; oh marry me.

My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack, why did not Janny die,
And why was I spar'd to cry waes me,

My faither urg'd me fair, my mither d'id na speak,
But she look'd in my face 'till my heart was like to break,
They gave him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
So Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me,

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting so mournfully at my ane door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith; for I could na think it he,
Til' he said I'm come hame love to marry thee.

Sair

Sair, fair did we greet, and little did we say,
 We took but a kiss, and tore ourselves away :
 I wish I were dead, but I'm na like to dee.
 Oh why was I born to cry waes me.
 I gang like a ghaist, and I care not to spin,
 I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;
 So I'll e'en do my best a gudewife to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.



MODERATION and ALTERATION.

HERE's an old song, made by a good ancient pate,
 Of a worthy old gentleman, who had a good estate,
 And kept a very plentiful house at a very plentiful rate,
 With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Moderation, moderation, O! wonderful moderation.

With a good lady whose anger a good word assuages,
 Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, foot-
 men or pages ;
 But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
 And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats and
 badges.

Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
 And a reverend old chaplain, you might know him by
 his looks ;
 An old buttery-hatch worn off the old hooks,
 And a good old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen
 old cooks.

Moderation &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes, and
bows,
And old swords and bucklers, which had borne many
hard blows;
And an old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of good old sherry to comfort his copper nose.
Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb.
Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a pack of
hounds,
With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds,
For he, like a wise man, kept himself within bounds,
And when he dy'd, left each child a good old thousand
pounds.
Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the same bountiful
mind,
But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.
Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration.

Like a young gallant who had just taken possession of
his land.
He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond;
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own command,
And drinking at taverns till he could neither go nor stand.
Alteration, &c.

With

With a new lady who was fresh and fair,
And never knew what belong'd to house-keeping or
care.

Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton air,
And half a dozen dresses made of horses manes and cow-
tail hair.

Alteration, &c.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new fashion'd sort of a chaplain who swears faster
than he prays;

Also a new buttery-hatch that opens but once in five or
six days,

And a large kitchen stored with nothing but kick shaws
and toys.

Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built just where the old one stood,
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal, or
wood.

It was hung round with pictures, which did the poor
little good,

The subjects whereof were all prophane and lewd,

Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come,

In a post-chaise for London we must be gone,

And leave no body at home but our new porter, *John*,

Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
stone.

Alteration, &c.

With a new valet his person to adorn,

In order to attend my Lord's levee in the morn;

In horse racing, gaming, masquerades, and plays,

The young gallant consumes health, wealth, and days.

Alteration, &c.

With

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
 For which many of his father's good old manors are sold,
 Which is the reason that most men do hold,
 That open house-keeping is grown so very cold;

Alteration, alteration, O! wondrous alteration.



N O B O D Y,

A N E W S O N G.

IF to force me to sing it be your intention,
 Some one I wou'd hint at, yet nobody mention;
 Nobody—you'll cry, oh! that must be stuff:
 At singing I'm nobody—that's the first proof.

Nobody can tell the pranks that are play'd,
 When Nobody's by, betwixt master and maid:
 She softly cries out, Sir, there's Somebody will hear us.
 He gently replies, my dear Nobody's near us.

But, big with child proving, she's quickly discarded;
 When favours are granted nobody's rewarded:
 But when she's examin'd —cries Mortals forbid it!
 If I'm got with child, it was Nobody did it!

When by stealth her gallant the wanton wife leaves,
 The husband's affrighted, and thinks it is thieves:
 He rouses himself, cries out loudly, Who's there?
 His wife pats his cheeks, and cries, Nobody, dear.

If negligent servants thou'd china plates crack,
 The fault is straight laid on poor Nobody's back:
 No mischief can happen at home or abroad,
 But Nobody's blame'd for't! —and isn't that odd!

Nobody's a name ev'ry body will own,
 When something they ought to be 'sham'd of they've done,
 'Tis a name well apply'd to old maids and young beaux,
 What they were intended for Nobody knows.

Enough now of Nobody sure has been sung,
 If nobody's angry, why Nobody's wrong:
 I hope for free speaking I may not be blam'd,
 As Nobody's injur'd, since Nobody's nam'd.



The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess.

TO my Muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery
 If we jumble together, music, poetry and history;
 The times to display in the days of Queen *Bess*, Sir,
 Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, Sir,
 Oh the golden days of good Queen *Bess*!
 Merry be the memory of good Queen *Bess*!

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and Armadas,
 With their gunpowder-puffs, and their blustering bra-
 vadoes;

For we knew how to manage both the musket and the
 bow, Sir,

And cou'd bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow, Sir,
 Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
 thatch'd Sir,

Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd, Sir,
 Yet, so few were the folks that would plunder or rob Sir,
 That the hangman was starving for want of a job, Sir,
 Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about the
 neck fast,

Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their breakfast,
 While a close quill'd-up coif their noddles just did fit Sir,
 And truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worsted hose Sir,
With a huge pair of whiskers was the dress of our beaux,
Sir,

Strong beer they prefer'd to claret or to hock, Sir.
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox,
Oh the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef, Sir,
And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, Sir,
While merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle and the
plough, Sir,
And honest men cou'd live by the sweat of their brow, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice, at least, to
church, Sir,
And never left the parson nor his sermon in the lurch, Sir;
For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
good in, Sir;
And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they dined
without a pudding, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were
great, Sir,
And props of the nation were the pillars of the State, Sir,
For the Sovereign and the Subject one interest supported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives, Sir,
Bright examples of glory to those who survive, Sir,
May we, their descendants, pursue the same ways, Sir,
That King *George*, like Queen *Bess*, may have his golden
days, Sir,
And may a longer reign of glory and success
Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen *Bess*!

F I N I S.